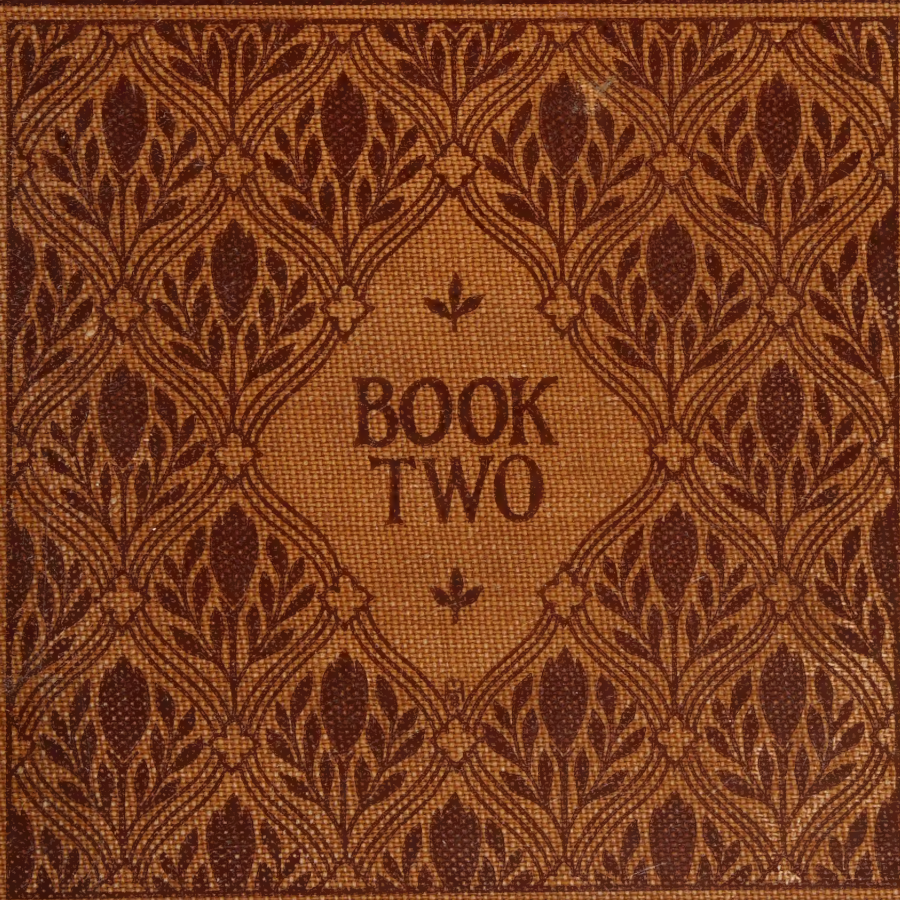
The CYR READERS BY GRADES



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THE CYR READERS

ARRANGED BY GRADES

BY

ELLEN M. CYR

BOOK TWO

BOSTON, U.S.A.
GINN & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
The Athenæum Press
1901

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TO

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS

Marie, Marguerite

AND

Jacqueline

PREFACE.

"We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb."

The second year of school life is of great importance. The child, who a year ago entered the schoolroom, timid, looking with wondering eyes upon the systematic régime and the unfolding mysteries, has now attained a certain degree of confidence. He has gained in mental power. His relation to the entire world has changed.

No book is entirely closed to him, for upon each page is some word of which he is the master, and he feels the certainty that the day will come when he may read any volume at his will.

Nevertheless we must not lose sight of the fact that the second-year child is still a beginner, requiring not a little effort to retain what he learns, as well as to acquire new words, and his vocabulary must not be introduced too rapidly.

His reading book should contain many short stories, simple, and in touch with his daily life, leading him to a love of his playmates and Nature; and giving him a glimpse of God's love which underlies all life.

This is the true preparation for lessons on nature, science, and philosophy.

Children appreciate many thoughts which lie beyond their power of expression, and often a simple little story will prepare them for some poem, read by their teacher.

The poet Longfellow has written many poems which appeal to children, and his home life and love of the little ones cannot fail to interest them.

The poems of Longfellow are introduced by permission and arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and are intended to be read by the teacher to the children, so that the thought may not be marred through mechanical effort and lack of interpretation.

This Reader is designed as a means to an end, — a footpath leading to the vast realms of literature, and the early cultivation of a love for what is beautiful is of the utmost value.

ELLEN M. CYR.

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THE CYR READERS

BOOK TWO

Jĕs′ sĭe pĭnk găn′ dĕr cą*ugh*t
stĭck yärd throu*gh*

Little Jessie had a new pink dress.
She and Harry were out at play.
An old gander was walking
by the yard.

He saw the pink dress
through the fence.
The old gander wanted
that pink dress.
He put his head through the fence.
He caught the dress in his big bill.
Poor little Jessie was afraid.
"Oh, Harry, come!" she said.
"There is a big bird here.
He wants my new dress."
Harry got a big stick.
He said: "Let go, you bad bird!
You cannot have Jessie's dress."
The old gander let go of the dress.
He ran away from the yard.

"Goosey, goosey, gander!
Where do you wander?
Upstairs, downstairs,
In my lady's chamber."

bē*a*ch	bāth′ ĭng	sănd	pī*e*s
ăn ȯth′ ẽr	bûrn	hŏt	sā*i*l

Alice and Fannie are at the beach.
They are having a very good time.
They have been bathing in the sea.
Now they are playing with the sand.
Fannie has just been for some water.

She got it in her pail.
Alice has made two sand pies.
Now she is making another.
Put on your hat, Alice.
The hot sun will burn your face.
It will not hurt me.
I play in the sun all the time.
We shall go by and by for a sail.
We shall go to the lighthouse.
Papa has a big sailboat.
We have some pretty sea mosses.
We have a box of seashells.
Fannie has a sea urchin.
I have a little starfish.
We are going to take them
to the hospital.
Some little children are there.
Don't you think they will like to see
them?

măt′ tẽr
drown

swĭm′ mĭng
hăt*ch*ed

scrăt*ch*ed
wĕb fēet

James put a duck's egg
into the hen's nest.

A little duck hatched out
with the chickens.
How funny the little duck looked!
The chickens ran about and scratched
for worms.
The little duck could not scratch
as well.
He had web feet.
They were made for swimming.
He wanted some water to swim in.
One day Hattie found him.
She took him up in her hands.
"What is the matter, little duck?"
"Peep, peep!" said the little duck.
"Do you wish to swim?" said Hattie.
"Peep, peep! Yes, I do!"
"You shall have some water."
Hattie ran into the house.
She got some water in a pan.

She put the pan down in the grass.
The little duck ran to the pan.
He was glad to go into the water.
The old hen said, "Cluck, cluck!
"You will be drowned,
you bad duck."
The little chickens ran to the pan.
They drank the water; but they
couldn't swim.
The hen was afraid they would drown.
"Cluck, cluck!" she said.
"Here is a nice fat worm."
Then the chickens ran to her.
The little duck stayed and swam.
He wished the chickens would swim too.
All swimming birds have web feet.
Some birds wade in the water.
They have long legs.

Read "The Ugly Duckling."

SOMETHING TO GUESS.

âir guĕss throu͟gh tēa͟se wĭn′ dō̇w

See if you can guess who I am.
I come to see you in winter.
I make pictures for you on the window.
I can fly through the air.
I ride on the north wind.
I fly away from the sunshine.
Why do the flowers like it?
I tease little boys and girls.
I bite their cheeks, and make them look pretty.
I make their eyes bright.
They run away from me.
Sometimes I cannot catch them.
Ha! ha! I like to see them dance.
Do you know my name?
It is J—— F——.

cạl*led*

cär trŭnks ĕn′ gĭn*e* sē*a*′ shōr*e*

Here come the cars.
Charlie and mamma are going to ride in them.
They are going to the seashore.
Charlie is very glad.
He likes to ride in the cars.
Look at the big engine.
How fast it comes!

Charlie is afraid it will not stop.
"Oh, yes, it will!" said mamma.
"Will they put on our trunk?" said Charlie.
"Yes, there is a car for the trunks."
The engine stops, and they go on board.
How fast the cars go!
"Oh, mamma!" said Charlie, "this is such fun!"

SOMETHING TO ANSWER.

Were you ever in the cars?
Where did you go?
How long did you ride?
What did you see?
What is the car for the trunks called?
What is the car for the people called?

To be read silently, and answered.

pär′ lor (lĕr) plāç′ ĕs̱ rĭv′ ẽr jŭst
stŏp thōs̱e hănds̱ fĭrst

Here are Charlie and his mamma
in the cars.
What a pretty car this is!
It is a parlor car.
Charlie likes to look out of the window

"How many pretty places there are!"
he says.
Now he sees a river.
"Mamma, see those little boys.
They have a boat.
Oh dear! we have gone by them.
I wish the cars would stop here.
I saw some pretty flowers.
There are some horses.
Just see how they run!
Are they afraid of the engine?
Look at those little children, mamma.
See them wave their hands to me."
"Did you wave to them, Charlie?"
"Oh, yes! I waved my hand first.
Will there be any children
at the seashore, mamma?"
"Yes, I think there will be some.
You shall play on the beach with them."

pŏp′ côrn kẽr′ nĕlṣ fĭl*led* dȧnç*ed*
chā*i*nṣ flāk*es* blŏs′ sȯm*ed*

How fast it was snowing!
The children watched the big flakes.
"They look like feathers!" said Jessie.
"They look like popcorn!" said Hal.
"Oh! oh! let's pop some corn!"
said Elsie.
They ran to ask mamma.
"May we pop some corn, mamma?"
they said.
"Yes, you may," said mamma.
The children danced for joy.
The yellow kernels danced too.

They popped out of their yellow coats.
They became white like snow.
The children filled a big pan
with the pretty kernels.
They made long chains of them.
"Open your mouth, Grace," said Elsie.
"Play you are a little chicken.
I will feed you."
By and by mamma came in.
She made them some popcorn balls.
"These are best of all!"
said the children.
Mamma always knows what is best.

Snowflakes and popcorn dance about;
The corn in the house, and the snow without.
The wind peeps in at the children gay,
Blow, wind, but you can't blow our flakes
away.

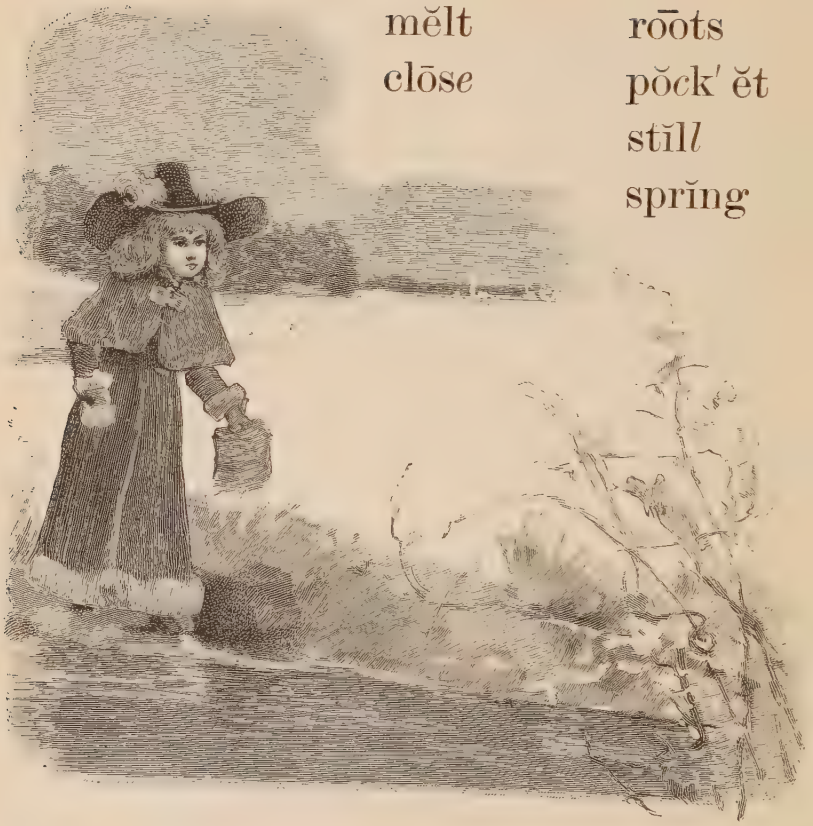
coŭn′ trў wĭnd blōw
fīre lăn′ tẽrnṣ fâir′ ў shīne

Hal was out in the country.
One night he saw some lights
in the grass.
They looked like tiny stars.
He ran into the field to see them.
"I must have one!" he said.
The lights did not stand still.
They did not shine all the time.
"Where do you go?" said Hal.
"Does the wind blow you out?
I think you are fairy lanterns.

The fairies will not let me catch you.
I will go in and ask mamma
about you."
Then he ran into the house.
He asked his mamma to come
into the field.
"The field is full of tiny stars, mamma.
They do not shine all the time.
Please come and tell me about them."
"They are fireflies, Hal," said mamma.
"I will try to catch one for you."
She caught one and put it
on Hal's hand.
"Where are its wings?" said Hal.
"This is the mother firefly,"
said mamma.
"Its wings are very small.
It cannot fly very fast.
Watch the light come and go."

mĕlt
clōse

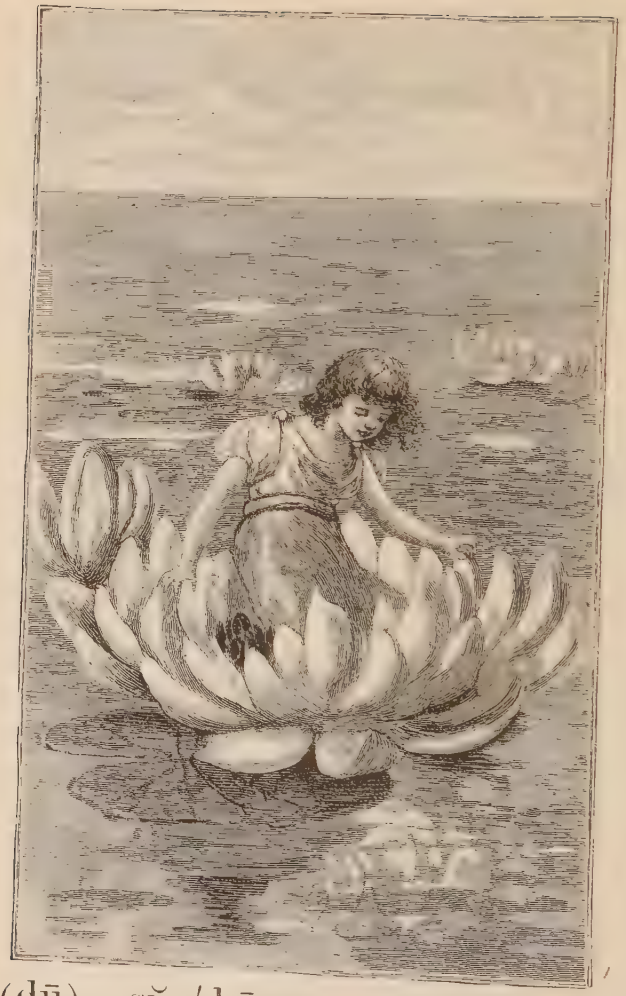
rōōts
pŏck′ ĕt
stĭll
sprĭng



The pretty brook is very still now.
It does not sing to me.
Winter has put it to sleep.
The flowers are fast asleep.

By and by the spring will come.
Then the brook will awake.
It will sing its pretty song.
The flowers are under the snow.
The snow keeps the roots warm.
The spring sun will melt the snow.
Then the flowers will wake.
The violets like the brook.
They live very close to it.
I like the pretty brook.
If I were a flower, I would live
near the brook.
Why, you poor little birds!
What are you doing here?
You must be little snow-birds.
Do you wish the brook to wake?
Grandma put a cake in my pocket.
You shall have it, little birds.

Read Tennyson's "The Brook."



dew (dū) sŭn′ bēa*m*s nȯth′ ĭng slīd*e*

rīp*e* to*u*ch fr*u*i*t*

I am a sunshine fairy.
My name is Ray.
My home is in the sun.
I slide down on the sunbeams.
The flowers awake when I touch them.
The tiny leaves spring out to meet me.
I wake the birds in the morning.
Their home is in the tree-tops.
They see me, and begin to sing.
I open the lilies on the lake.
I bring the lily buds up from the water.
The seeds send up their little plants
at my touch.
I kiss the fruit, and make it ripe
and sweet.
I drink the morning dew.
I carry water to the clouds.
Some days the rain fairies come.
Then you do not see me.

You need the rain fairies.
They water the pretty flowers.
Nothing could grow without them.
You must love them too.
You can all be sunshine fairies.
Be happy and good.
Then you will make sunshine
in your homes.

Rain fairies playing on my garden bed,
Each little floweret raises up its head;

Holds up its cup to catch the raindrops bright,
Drinks in the freshness, and reaches
for the light.

Sun fairies smile and bring the blossoms gay;
Now, little rain fairies, you must fly away.

Fly to your cloud home, far up in the sky:
Welcome, little sun fairies; rain fairies,
good-bye.

därk dŭll cȯl′ orṣ (ẽrs) ȧ crŏss′
păth drŏps ĭn′ dĭ gō̇

Sometimes the rain fairies meet
the sun fairies.
What a happy time they have!
They are no longer dark and dull.
They shine and are bright with colors.
Some are red, some orange, and some
yellow.
Others are green, blue, indigo,
or violet.
They make a bright path
across the sky.
This path is called a rainbow.
It is made by the sun on the raindrops.
Each raindrop helps to make it.
The clouds alone are dull and dark.
The sunlight makes them bright and
beautiful.

bŭt′ ton	cą̆n′ dў	to͝ok
bu͞ў	pĕn′ nў	strēe͝t

What do you think our baby did?
There is an old man who sells candy.
One day we took baby there.
We let her buy some candy.
She gave a penny to the old man.
He gave her some candy.
The other day we found her in the street.

She had on her little cap and coat.
She had her baby doll in one hand.
"Why, baby! where are you going?"
I said.
"Get candy!" said the baby.
"But why do you take the dolly?"
"Dolly want candy too."
"You can't get candy, dear;
You haven't any penny."
"Yes! yes! see my penny!"
What do you think she had?
It was a big button.
She was going to buy candy with it.
Wasn't she a funny baby?
Could she buy candy with a button?
I think the old man would have given
her some.
He is a very kind old man.

lēarn
cŏŏk
tēach
căn′ dleş

fôr′ tў ūşed bė̆ sīde′

"I wish Anna would learn to cook," said papa.

"Oh, please teach me, mamma," said Anna.

"Some time you may learn,"
said mamma.
"I haven't time to teach you now."
Anna went to see grandma.
"Grandma, will you teach me to cook?"
she said.
"Yes, dear," said grandma;
"You may cook something to-day."
"Oh, thank you!" said Anna.
"It will please papa to have me learn."
"His birthday comes very soon,"
said grandma.
"You shall make him a birthday cake.
I used to make them when he was
a little boy."
"Did you put candles on it, grandma?"
"I used to; but it would take forty now."
"Oh, dear," said Anna, "I couldn't get
forty candles."

Anna did her best to learn.
By and by the birthday came.
Anna made the birthday cake.
She took it home to papa.
She put it beside his plate.
"Well! what is this?" said papa.
"A birthday cake for you."
"Who made me a birthday cake?"
"I did," said Anna; "grandma told me how."
"What! you made this pretty cake!
What a dear little girl you are!
I haven't had a birthday cake for a long time."
"I wish I could put forty candles on it," said Anna.
"It is all right, my little girl," said papa.
"The cake is too small for so many.
I am very much pleased with it."

SOMETHING TO GUESS.

gĭll*s* brē*a*th*e* tăd′ pōl*e*

I swim in the water.
I am not a fish.
I have two web feet.
I am not a duck.
I sleep all winter in a hole.
I am not a squirrel.
I hop about in the grass.
I am not a rabbit.
I have a little song of my own.
I am not a bird.
At first I am a tadpole.
I swim and breathe as a fish does.
I have gills to breathe with.
By and by I have four little legs.
I lose my gills and tail.
I come out of the water.
I hop about in the fields.

fŏnd clō′ vĕr ä*u*nt cä*l*f
sĕc′ ond bŭt′ tĕr · ŭn̲′ cl*e* crē*a*m

Edith was very fond of Molly.
Molly was Aunt Annie's cow.
She was a very kind cow.
She would let Edith pat her.

Edith picked some clover for her to eat.
She liked to see John milk her.
He carried the milk-pail into the house.
Then Edith drank the fresh milk.
She put some cream on her berries.
She put the sweet butter on her bread.
"Molly gives me so much!" she said.
Edith went to see Aunt Annie
a second summer.
She was glad to be in the country.
"How good Molly's milk is!" she said.
"Molly has something to show you,"
said Uncle Henry.
He took her out to the fields.
There was a pretty little calf.
"Oh, you dear little calf!" said Edith.
Edith gave the calf some clover.
It would eat from her hand.
The calf became very fond of Edith.

stōre çĕnts pĕr hăps′ frȯnt
cärt Dāi′ s̱ў a̱l′ mōst

Daisy was going to the store to buy candy.

Papa had given her ten cents.

"I can buy candy for us all with ten cents," she said.

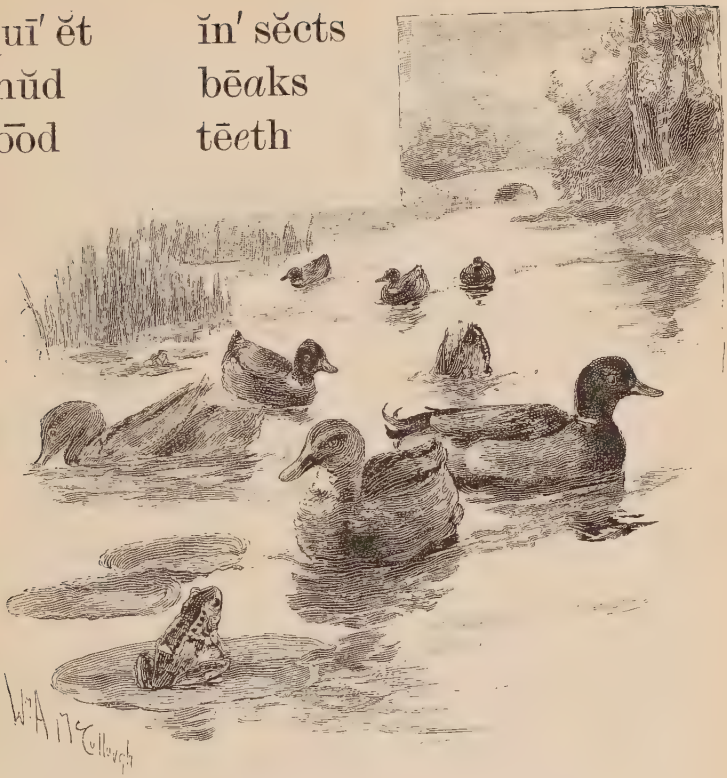
"I wish Marion could have some.
She has been sick a long time.
Perhaps I shall see something to give
to her."
There was a cart in front of the store.
There were plants in the cart.
"Buy a plant, little girl," said the man.
"Here is a fine one for ten cents."
"Marion would like a plant," said
Daisy.
"She could watch it grow.
I think I will buy one for her.
Please give me one with some buds
on it.
I wish to give it to a little sick girl."
She took the plant and ran
to see Marion.
"See what I have brought,"
she said.

"Oh, how pretty it is! Thank you,
Daisy.
I shall like to watch it grow.
See the picture books Harry brought
me."
"Yes, he told me he had them
for you.
Are you better? We want you
to be well."
"Yes; I hope to be well soon.
I am going to ride to-morrow
with the doctor.
Everybody has been so good to me,
I am almost glad to be sick."

Do you know any sick people?
Can you make them happy?
Could you carry them some flowers?
It will make you happy if you do.

quī′ ĕt
mŭd
fo͝od

ĭn′ sĕcts
bēaks
tēeth



Mrs. Duck gave a party.
It was the first one of the summer.
All the ducks in the barnyard were there.
They had a swim up the river.

They found a quiet place.
"We will have our lunch here,"
said Mrs. Duck.
"There are many insects here.
This is a good place to find food."
Down into the mud she went,
head first.
Down into the mud the other ducks
went, too.
Then they came up again.
Ducks have large flat beaks.
They fill these beaks with mud.
There are insects in the mud.
There are little teeth at the side
of the duck's beak.
These keep the food in,
but let the muddy water run out.
What a good time the ducks had!
Some old frogs sat on the lily pads.

They watched the ducks swim about.
"What funny things ducks are!"
they said.
"How do you do, Mrs. Duck?"
said one.
"Do you live in the water
all the time?"
"No, indeed," said Mrs. Duck.
"Our home is up at the farm.
We have a house like people."
"Well! well! why do they make
a house for you?
They never make a house for us."
"We lay eggs for them,"
said Mrs. Duck.
"So do we lay eggs," said the frog.
"You lay your eggs in the water.
People do not care for them.
Our eggs are large and good to eat."

mī*gh*t	çĭt′ y̆	färm′ ẽr	ôr′ phans(fanz)
rāk*e*	hā*y*	drīv*e*	wȯn′ dẽr fụl

James and Mary were poor children.
They had never seen the country.
They lived in a Home for orphans.

They used to wish that they might
go into the country.
Mr. Hill was a farmer who had
a pleasant home.
He wished some little children
could be there.
He sent to some people in the city.
He told them to send him
two poor children.
They sent Jimmie and Mary.
How happy the children were!
They ran about in the fields.
They picked berries and flowers.
They could help Mr. and Mrs. Hill
in many ways.
Jimmie learned to milk the cows.
Mary learned to skim the cream.
Jimmie could rake the hay.
Mary could rake the hay too.

The children used to ride
on the hay cart.
Mr. Hill let them drive the horse.
They liked to go for a drive.
They saw so many wonderful things.
"What a beautiful world this is!"
they said.
"We never knew it was so wonderful
before."
They are not going back to the Home.
"We cannot let them go,"
said Mr. Hill.
"They shall stay and live with us."
Jimmie and Mary are very happy.

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world!
With the beautiful water round you curled
And the wonderful grass upon your breast.
World, you are beautifully dressed."

— *Open Sesame.*

thought
(thạt)
dĕ*a*d
strānġ*e*

hōm*e*′ lў̆
sprĕ*a*d
flew (flū.)
chānġ*e*

Freddie's mamma had told him that
caterpillars became butterflies.
He wanted to watch one change
for himself.
One day he found a caterpillar
in the garden.
He took it on a leaf to mamma.
She gave him a little box to keep it in.
Freddie gave it fresh leaves every day.
By and by the caterpillar stopped eating.
Freddie thought it would die.
Mamma said, "No, Freddie, it is going
to sleep.
When it wakes it will be a butterfly."
The caterpillar spun a web about itself.
It had a thick white covering.
It hung from one side of the box.
"It is dead, mamma!" said Freddie.

"It does not move nor eat."
"It is not dead," said mamma.
One day Freddie went to the box.
He saw a strange looking insect.
Its wings were not pretty and bright.
He called mamma to see it.
"It is your butterfly," said mamma.
"How strange and homely it is!"
said Freddie.
"I thought it would be a pretty butterfly."
Soon it began to move and spread out its wings.
The colors grew bright.
"Oh, how beautiful!" said Freddie.
It spread its wings and flew to the window.
Freddie opened the window and let it fly away.

"You see it was not dead," said mamma.
"The butterfly was there all the time.
It was like my lily.
I put the homely bulb into the ground.
A beautiful lily has come from it now."

A CHILD TO A ROSE.

Did it feel like dying,
When first your blossoms fell?
Did you know about the spring,
Did the daisies tell?
If you had no notion,
Only fear and doubt,
How I should have liked to see
When you found it out!
Such a beautiful surprise,
What must you have felt,
When your heart began to stir,
As the sun began to melt!

— *Open Sesame.*

[To be Read by the Teacher.]

wrīte	lĕt′ tẽr	pĕnṣ
gō͞o*se*	quĭ*ll*	spĭ*lled*

Mamma, Elsie, and baby went
to visit grandpa.
Poor papa could not go.
He had to stay at the store.
"What shall I do without you?"
said he.
"I will write you a letter," said Elsie.
"I will tell you what we are doing."

"Can you write a letter?" said papa.
"Oh! yes, I can," said Elsie.
"I am seven years old.
You shall see that I can write a letter."
Elsie had a very good time!
One day she said, "Grandma, may I
take a pen?
I wish to write to papa."
"Yes," said grandma, "there are
some pens on the desk."
Elsie ran to grandpa's desk.
"Oh, grandma! here is such
a funny pen."
"That is a quill pen," said grandma.
"Grandpa made it for me.
It is made of a goose feather.
Every one used to write with quill pens."
"I think it is pretty," said Elsie.
"I don't think I will write with it."

She took a pen and went away
by herself.
By and by she went back to the desk.
What did she see there?
Baby had taken the quill pen.
She had been writing to papa.
Such a letter as she had written!
She had spilled the ink upon the desk.
"Oh, baby, baby! why did you do so?"
Mamma sent baby's letter to papa.
He said he was glad to have
both letters.

"I am old — so old I can write a letter,
My birthday lessons are done.
The lambs play always — they know no
better;
They are only one times one."

ELSIE'S LETTER TO PAPA.

Hillside, July 8th, 1897.

My dear Papa,

We are having a very good time here. Grandpa has a big gray horse. Sometimes he puts me on its back. It is such fun! I play out in the fields. Grandpa lets me ride on the hay. I pick berries for grandma. We have cream on our berries. I wish you were here with us. Baby has written you a letter. She took grandma's quill pen, and she spilled the ink. Can you read her letter? She says it is, "How do, papa? I love you."

Your loving little girl,

Elsie.

wōr*e* ā′ pron (pŭrn) ăn ȯth′ ẽr

A poor little girl went to school
with Elsie.
Her dress was very old.

Her mamma could not buy her
a pretty dress.
Elsie had a new white apron.
She wore it to school one day.
Poor little May looked at her.
She wished she had a pretty apron.
When Elsie came home, she went
to mamma.
She said, "Mamma, may I give May
my apron?
Her dress is very old and poor.
She is a dear little girl.
Please let me give her my apron."
Her mamma said, "Yes, you may
if you wish;
I cannot make you another."
Elsie asked May to come home
with her.
She gave her the white apron.

Elsie's mamma put it on her.
Little May was very happy.
"Thank you, Elsie," she said.
"It will hide my old dress.
I never had so pretty an apron."
May wore the apron to school.
Elsie liked to see her wear it.
"I could not see it as well
when I wore it," she said.
"Now I can look at it as much as
I please."
She was never sorry that she gave it
to May.

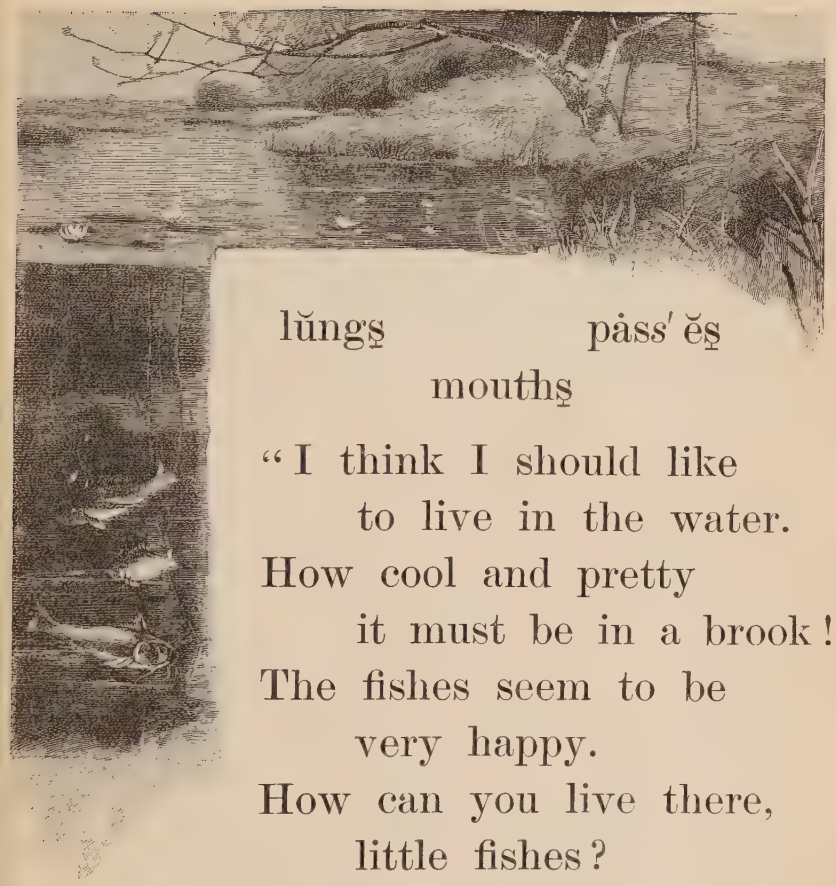
"Little things
On little wings
Bear little souls to Heaven."

Jūn*e*	ē*a*ch	wăg′ ȯn
ŭn′ dẽr	drōv*e*	chā*i*n

Daisy's birthday comes in June.
The field daisies come then too.
Daisy calls them her flowers.

"May I have a birthday party,
mamma?" said Daisy.
"You shall have a 'daisy party,'"
said mamma.
"The children shall play
in the daisy field.
They shall each have a daisy chain."
Ten children came to the party.
Daisy's papa put them
into the big wagon.
He drove over to the daisy fields.
Daisy looked like one of the flowers.
Her dress was white and her hair was
yellow.
All the children were very happy.
They picked as many daisies as they
could carry.
Mamma gave them some ice cream
and cake.

They ate under the trees.
The little birds looked down
upon them.
"We shall have a party when they
go," they said.
"See all the crumbs they are making.
Let us sing to them now."
A red squirrel was looking
at the children.
He was up in an oak tree.
Daisy saw him watching them.
"See that dear little squirrel," she said.
"He has come to my party.
Here is a little cake for him."



lŭngs pȧss′ ĕs
mouths

"I think I should like
to live in the water.
How cool and pretty
it must be in a brook!
The fishes seem to be
very happy.
How can you live there,
little fishes?
I could not breathe in the water."
"You have lungs, little girl.
You breathe with your lungs.

We breathe with our gills.
The gills are on each side
of our heads.
There is some air in water.
We take the water into our mouths.
The water passes over our gills.
We breathe in this way.
We die when we are taken
from the water.
We cannot take air without water.
I am sorry for you, little girl.
I wish you could live in the water.
There are many beautiful things to see."
"I am glad to be a little girl.
I know it is beautiful in the water.
I like to look down into the brooks.
I like to look up at the hills
and the sky.
All the world is very wonderful."

tọ gĕth′ ẽr	ſôrm	rĭl*l*
sīd*e*	flō*w*	hĕ*a*v′ ў

A raindrop is very small.
What good can the tiny thing do?
The mist in the air forms a cloud.
By and by the clouds grow very heavy.
The rain begins to fall.
It falls upon the hills.
It forms a little rill.

The little rills run together.
They form a pretty brook.
The brooks run down the hillside.
They water the fields and the woods.
They flow into the rivers.
The rivers flow into the sea.

You are a very little boy or girl.
Can you do any good?
You can be bright and happy.
You can mind mamma and papa.
You can be kind to brother and sister.
That will help make the world better.

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above."

shĭv′ ẽr cȯv′ ẽr rōōts slĕpt throu͟gh

"We are very cold," said the violets.
"The wind makes us shiver."
"We will cover you over," said the trees.
They threw down some red
and yellow leaves.
"Let us go to sleep," said the violets.
"All the little plants are going to sleep."
By and by the white snow came.
It covered all the plants in the wood.
It kept their little roots warm.
The plants slept through the winter.
By and by the spring came.
"We must awake," said the plants.
"You go first, little mayflower."
So the mayflower peeped out first.
"The robins have come back," she said.
"We will come too," said the violets.

ŭg′ lў	spī′ dẽr	spĭn′ nĭng	wĕb
côrd	fȧs′ *te*nṣ	whēe*l*	kĭl*l*

"Do you see that ugly spider?"
said Edith.
"Please come here and kill it, mamma."
"No, Edith," said mamma,
"let us watch the spider.
I think she is making her web.
She is spinning a cord now.
See her fasten it upon the window.
She carries it, and fastens it below.
She goes back again to make it strong.
Now she spins other cords across.
The web begins to look like a wheel.
Watch her carry the thread
around these cords.
Now her web is done.
She will sit in the middle of it.
Some insect will fly into the web."

mā′ ple săp pīne sўr′ ŭp boiled

Farmer Hill came into the woods one day.
He hung pails upon the maple trees.
He made little holes so that the sap might run out.
He hung no pails upon the pine trees.
"Why should you have pails?"
they said to the maples.
"We are green all winter.
You have no leaves or blossoms.
Why should people give pails to you?"
"We have sweet sap," said the maples.

"It is beginning to creep up
into our buds.
This sap can be made into sugar.
We can give some of it away.
The sap is taken to the sugar house.
It is boiled until it is syrup.
The syrup is boiled until it is sugar.
The children like to eat the maple sugar.
We like to give it to them.
We can make our leaves by and by."
"They may have some of our sap,"
said the pine trees.
"We wish to make the children happy."
"They cannot make sugar of your sap.
You make the children glad
at Christmas time.
They take you home and put candles
upon you.
They cover you with beautiful things."

LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHPLACE.

Fĕb′ ru ȧ rў Pōrt′ land eyes (īz) *yo*ūth
whĭs′ pẽred thô*ugh*ts Mā*i*ne bôrn

There is an old house in the city of Portland, Maine.

A little baby was born in that house.

He was born in February, in 1807.

His name was Henry W. Longfellow.

He had bright blue eyes and soft hair.

The house was very near the sea.
Henry liked to watch the ships as they sailed away.
He was a very happy boy.
He liked to play with other boys.
He was full of life and fun.
He was kind and true.
He loved the birds and flowers.
The birds sang sweet songs to him.
The wind whispered beautiful thoughts to him.
He says this of his Portland home:

"Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me."

Read "My Lost Youth" to the class.

THE STORY OF A SEED.

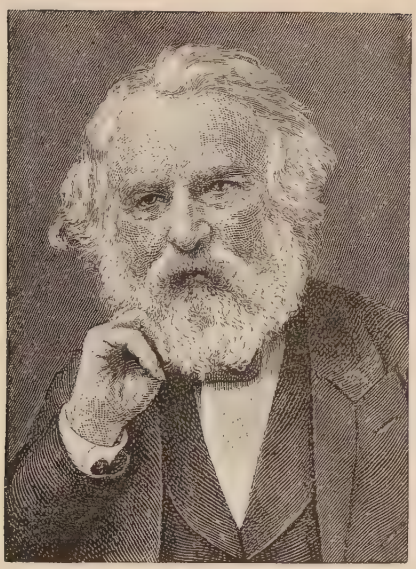
mois′ t̆u̇re	plāced	cär′ rĭed
brown	ẽarth	sē′ crĕt
pu̇shed	rēached	drăn̲k

I was once a little brown seed.
My playmates and I were asleep.
One day a little girl took us.
She carried us into her garden.
She placed us in the soft earth.

She covered us over and went away.
It was dark down in the earth.
I could hear the birds singing.
I could feel the warm sun, but could not see it.
"I must go up into the sunlight," I said.
"I cannot stay in this brown shell."
I sent up a stem and two little leaves.
They reached up into the sunlight.
How bright and beautiful it was there!
I pushed a little root into the earth.
The little root began to drink in food.
My leaves drank in the light and air.
I said "Good bye" to my brown shell.
"I am a plant and need you no more."
My root is drinking in moisture.
This moisture will help me grow.

It is going up into my leaves.
My leaves are drinking in air.
Let me tell you a secret.
I have some little buds.
I am keeping them very safe and warm.
They are growing larger every day.
Some beautiful morning they will be blossoms.

Wake up, my little seeds, and leave your tiny shell.
I am watching for you, for I love you well.
You have two pretty leaves, all ready to grow,
Just let them see the sun — they'll creep out, I know.



MR. LONGFELLOW.

ō′ cean (sh*a*n)	co*u*n′ tri*e*s	Cŏl′lĕġ*e*
Bō*w*′ do*i*n	hăp′ pĭ ẽr	bĕt′ tẽr
Här′ v*a*rd	Cām′ brĭd*ġe*	h*e*ärt
åft′ ẽr wards (wẽrdz)	ġĕn′ tl*e* m*a*n	pō′ ĕt

This is a picture of Mr. Longfellow. He was the boy who lived near the sea.

He is an old gentleman in this picture.
He still loved the birds and flowers.
His heart was always kind.
He was a poet.
A poet has beautiful thoughts.
He writes them for others to read.
His thoughts make people better.
When he was a boy he went to school.
Then he went to Bowdoin College.
Bowdoin College is in Maine.
He then went across the ocean.
He spent four years in other countries.
When he came back he was a teacher in Bowdoin College.
He lived afterwards in Cambridge, Massachusetts.
He went there to teach in Harvard College.

THE FROST PICTURES.

lāme	blăn̲′ kĕt	voiç′ ĕs̲
ăt′ tĭc	clōs̲ed	fẽrns̲
lōne′ lў	Ălps	moun′ taĭns̲

Carl was a little lame boy.

He lived in an attic with his mother.

His father was dead, and his mother went out to do sewing.

Poor little Carl was left all alone a great many times.

He used to look out of the window and watch the boys at play.

It was not so lonely when they were there.

In the summer time he could hear their voices.

Sometimes they would call to him.

When it was cold he had to keep the window closed.

When the winter came, it was too cold to stay near the window.

Carl's mother could not buy much coal and wood, for she was poor.

She used to put a blanket around her little boy and make as bright a fire as she could.

The windows were sometimes white with frost.

Carl called them his picture-books.

Every night his mother washed off the frost.

Every morning Carl looked to see what Jack Frost had made for him.

When his mother came home, he used to tell her what he had seen.

Then she told him many stories about the pictures.

"I saw some beautiful ferns to-day, mamma," he would say.

Then she would tell him of a wood where she played when she was a little girl.

"There were great beds of ferns in it," she said.

"One day I found a little bird's nest among them."

"There were some mountains and a little bridge on the window to-day," said Carl.

Then she told him of the beautiful Alps, and the people who lived among them.

Sometimes he would tell her stories.

His stories were about the snow fairies.
"They try to make my room warm by covering the window-pane," he said.
"I saw one to-day with a crown of white stars upon her head.
A ray of sunshine kissed her and took her away."

---

sound à lōne′ rụ̈le

O sometimes plays that he is *ŭ*.
He can make a sound like short *u* when he is alone.
When he has another *o* with him it makes *u̇* as in "rule."
Isn't he a funny letter?
Some children think that he is *ŭ*.
Do not let him catch you.
If your eyes are bright, he will not.

When you see a little dot over his head, look out for him.
Call him short *u*, but write him *o*.
That is the way.
He doesn't wear the dot always, so I will show you some of the words where he hides.

lo̤ve	so̤n	to̤n	do̤ne
do̤ve	co̤me	no̤ne	fro̤nt
abo̤ve	so̤me	mo̤nth	spo̤nge
glo̤ve	do̤es	sho̤ve	mo̤nk

In these words the *o*'s are like *ṳ*:

so͞on	no͞on	ro͞of	mo͞on
co͞on	spo͞on	to͞oth	co͞ol
lo͞on	fo͞od	scho͞ol	go͞ose

THE LONGFELLOW HOUSE.

plĕa$\underset{\cdot}{\text{s}}'$ *a*nt	W$\underset{\cdot}{\text{a}}$sh′ ĭng tŏn	G*e*ôr*ġe*
stŭd′ ў	Măss ȧ chū′ sĕt*t*s	pō′ ĕm$\underset{\cdot}{\text{s}}$
bro$\underset{\cdot}{\text{a}}$d	l$\underset{\cdot}{\text{a}}$*w*n	bē̇ yŏnd′

Isn't this a pleasant house?

This was Mr. Longfellow's house in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

He came here first when he began to teach in Harvard College.
He lived here for many years.
It is a very old house.
George Washington once lived here.
Mr. Longfellow's study was at the right of the door.
He wrote many of his poems there.
A large lawn is in front of the house.
The grass is very soft and green.
There are old elm trees growing upon the lawn.
I wish these trees could talk.
They could tell us many things.
In front of the house are broad fields.
Beyond these fields may be seen the Charles River.

Mr. Longfellow loved the river.
He loved to watch it from his window.
He loved to walk beside it.
It gave him beautiful thoughts.
Sometimes it made him sad.
At other times it would bring gladness to his heart.
He said that the river made him think of his friends.
Some of his friends lived beside it.
He had three dear friends who were named Charles.
Mr. Longfellow wrote a poem about the Charles River.
"I must give the river a song," he said, "for it gives me many thoughts."

Read "To the River Charles" to the class.

BESSIE AND THE FLOWERS.

găth′ẽr sēem wīld Bĕs′sĭe gōld çĕn′tẽrṣ

Bessie is a little country girl.

She plays out in the fields and in the woods.

She loves everything that lives there.

The birds and squirrels seem to know it.

They do not fly or run away from her.

They watch her with their bright eyes.

She knows where to find the flowers.

There are some wild roses not far from her home.

One day Bessie went to the woods to gather some for her mamma.

She picked as many as her hands could hold.

Then she sat down under a big tree to rest.

She looked up at the pretty white clouds.

"You are like white boats upon a blue sea," she thought.

"I wish I might sail along with you."

Then she looked down at the pretty blossoms in her lap.

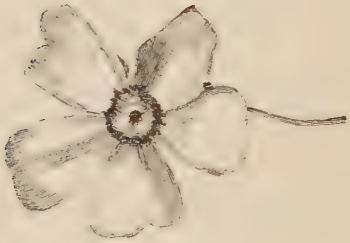
They were pink, and their centers were as yellow as gold.

"You are beautiful," she said.

"Do you wish to stay here always, or are you glad to go with me?"

By and by Bessie fell fast asleep on the soft grass.

The wind blew a rose petal upon her cheek.



THE STORY OF ROSE-PETAL.

shŏŏk sĭs′ tẽr châir sē′ pal
ŭn fōld′ ĕd câre′ fụl lў rēached pĕt′ al
băn′ nẽrs wrăpped drēamed gōld′en

This is what Bessie dreamed that the petal said:

"Shall I tell you about myself, little girl?

My name is Rose-petal. I live here in the woods.

I have four sisters like myself.
I remember when I was very small.
My four sisters and I were wrapped in green coats.
By and by we began to peep out.
The sun seemed to call us, and we reached up to him.
I think he wished to see our beautiful golden center.
One day we unfolded in the sunlight.
We shook out our yellow banners.
The sun looked into our golden center.
The garden roses have no golden centers.
They have very many petals.
We love our golden center best.
Each of us rests upon a green chair.

We can spread our pink dresses upon them.

Look at my chair. You can see it easily now. Isn't it a pretty chair?

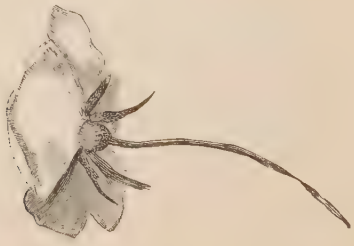
It is called a sepal.

I can never go back to it; but I can fly for a little while.

The wind whispered to me, and said, 'Do you wish to fly, Rose-petal?'

I said, 'Yes,' and it brought me to you.

I thought you would like to hear about me."



THE PARTS OF A FLOWER.

mē*a*n	cō̇ rŏl′ la	cā′ lўx	băn′ nẽrs̱
pûr′ pl*e*	pĭs′ tĭl	crown	stā′ mĕns̱

Bessie's mamma came out to look for her little girl.

She found her waking from her nap.

She sat down beside her, and Bessie told her what she had dreamed.

"You have been thinking of our talk about flowers," said mamma.

"Please tell me about the wild rose," said Bessie.

"How beautiful these petals are!"

"The five petals form the corolla," said mamma.

"Find another flower and show me its corolla.

Here is a buttercup with a yellow corolla.

The violet has a purple corolla.

Now look at the sepals upon which the rose petals rest.

The five sepals taken together form the calyx.

The word calyx means a cup.

The word corolla means a little crown.

It was the calyx that covered the petals until they were ready to blossom.

What do you call the little yellow banners?

They are the stamens.

Here in the center are the pistils.

Some day we will talk about them.

We must take our flowers home and put them into water."

LONGFELLOW'S STUDY.

stâ*i*rs	därk	sûr prīse′
rŭsh	crēep	fä′ thēr

Mr. Longfellow's children were born in Cambridge.

He had three little girls and two boys.

They loved their father very dearly.

He loved them, and made them happy.

He used to write them little letters.
They liked to be with their father.
They would run into his study to see him and try to surprise him.
"It is growing dark," they would say.
"Papa cannot be writing now.
We will surprise him."
They would creep softly down the stairs.
They could peep in at their father.
Then they would rush into the room, and climb up on his chair.
They would climb into his lap and kiss him. How happy they were!
Mr. Longfellow wrote a poem about them.
He called it "The Children's Hour."

Read "The Children's Hour" to the class.

LONGFELLOW AND THE CHILDREN.

smīle sŭn′ shīne vĭs̱′ ĭt stŭd′ y̆
stō′ rĭe̱s̱ wĭl′ l̤o̤w *w*rōte clŏck

Mr. Longfellow loved all children.
They loved him, too.
He had a very kind face.
His eyes were as blue as the violets.
His hair was as white as the snow.
His smile was like the sunshine.
Many children came to visit him.
He would make them very happy.
They liked to talk with him.
They talked to him about their play-things and their homes.
Sometimes he let them come into his study.

They liked to see the old clock on the stairs.
He would tell them stories.
There was a big willow tree back of the garden.
He would take them out to see it.
He used to take them into his garden.
Sometimes he would pick some flowers for them.
He wrote a poem to the children.
He said that they were better than all the poems.
He said that the birds and sunshine were in their hearts.
I think he had sunshine in his heart.
How can you have it in yours?

Read the "Old Clock on the Stairs."

CHILDREN.

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow;
But in mine is the wind of autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah, what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate,
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

THE RUNAWAY GEESE.

fŏl′ lo̱w	flŏck	Ĕl′ så	lēad′ ẽrṣ
rōad	pĭl′ lo̱w	sīght	joined
Häns	Kå trine′ (trēn)	stärt′ ĕd	plŭck

Old Mrs. Green lived all alone.

She had a flock of geese.

She loved her geese and took good care of them.

They had soft, white feathers.

In the summer time, they did not need so many feathers.

Mrs. Green would pluck them and sell the feathers.

People bought them to put into pillows.

The geese laid eggs, too, and Mrs. Green sold them.

This helped the old lady to make a living.

One day the geese ran away.

There was a hole in the fence.

When Mrs. Green came out to feed them, they were gone.

Poor old lady! She didn't know what to do.

She went to the gate and looked down the road.

There was not a goose in sight.

Little Hans and Katrine were playing in the next yard.

Mrs. Green asked them if they had seen her geese.

"I saw them," said Hans, "they were going to the pond."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Mrs. Green.

"Do you think they will come back?"

"We will go for them," said Katrine.

"Give us some corn and they will follow us."

So Mrs. Green filled their pockets with corn and they started for the pond.

Hans saw the geese as soon as they came in sight of the pond.

They were swimming about and having such a happy time.

Carl and Elsa Brinker were sitting upon the shore watching them.

Elsa had a doll made of straw.

"See Mrs. Green's geese," Elsa said, "they are having a swim."

Hans and Katrine began to call the geese, and threw some corn into the water.

Soon the geese came out of the pond.

"Don't give them all of the corn, Katrine," said Hans.

"Drop it along the road, and they will follow us."

Two of the largest geese started for home.

"Those are the leaders," said Hans, "the others will follow them."

The children joined hands and walked behind them, singing—

"Goosey, goosey, gander!
Whither do you wander?"

Mrs. Green was at the gate, watching for them.

She was very glad to see the geese coming home.

They walked into their pen, and Mrs. Green shut the gate.

Carl's father put a new board into the fence, so that they couldn't run away again.

"Poor geese!" said Elsa, "they had such a good time in the pond. It is too bad that they can't go every day."

And the geese all said, "Th! th! th! We think so, too."

Let us play that we are geese, and say "th."

th ĭŋk	th ĭn	th ĭs′*tle*
th rō*w*	th ĭck	th rō*ne*
th ăŋk	th *i*ēf	th ŭn′der
th rew (u̇)	th ŭm*b*	thô*ugh*t
pȧth	clŏth	tru̇th
tōōth	fōrth	*yo*ūth

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

blăck′ smĭth	strīkes	hăm′ mẽr
brănch′ ẽs	strŏng	chĕst′ nŭt
hĕav′ y	ăn′ vĭl	hēats
ī′ ron (ī ŭrn)	hōōf	nā′ls

Did you ever see a blacksmith?

A blacksmith works with iron.

He heats the iron until it is very hot.
It is soft when it is red hot.
He puts the iron upon an anvil and strikes it with his heavy hammer.
He must be a very strong man.
He can make many things of iron.
He makes shoes for the horses and nails them on their hoofs.
There was a blacksmith who lived in Cambridge.
Mr. Longfellow used to see him at work.
He liked to see him strike the hot iron, and to watch him as he made it into many things.
A large tree grew very near the blacksmith's shop.
It was a chestnut tree.

It had beautiful leaves and branches.
Mr. Longfellow wrote a poem about the blacksmith.
He spoke of the chestnut tree in the poem.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!

He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks, to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

TRUE FRIENDS.

ăn′ grў fri̇ĕndş Är′ thur ȧ shāmed′
threw nąugh′ tў troŭ′ ble knīfe
(thrų)

Arthur and Tom were playing in the school yard.

They were very good friends; but once in a while they would get angry.

One day Arthur threw a big stone at Tom and hurt him.

Tom picked up the stone to throw back at him, and then he changed his mind.

He walked into the schoolroom and told his teacher about it.

"It was a naughty thing for Arthur to do," she said.

"You may tell his teacher if you wish. Do just as you think best."

Tom stood with the stone in his hand.

"Go and tell of him," said one of the boys.

"He tried to hurt you. I would tell of him."

"Well!" said Tom, "he gets angry too easily.

If we don't do just as he says, he doesn't like it."

By and by he went out to the door.

He threw the stone into the yard.

"Aren't you going to tell his teacher?" said the other boys.

"No, I will not get him into trouble."

Arthur was ashamed of what he had done.

"I'll try not to get angry with the boys again," he said.
"Tom is a good friend to me, he shall take my new knife."
When school was out, they went home together.

Eight fingers,
Ten toes,
Two eyes and one nose.
Baby said, when she smelled of the rose:
"Oh what a pity, I've only one nose!"

Twelve little teeth
In two little rows,
Lots of dimples and one nose.
Baby said, when she smelled of the snuff:
"Cachoo, deary me! One nose is enough."

— *Selected.*

MABEL'S PLAYMATE.

ŭn dẽr stănd′ à round′ wa̤lked à hĕad′ wăgged tûrned tāil crŭst rōpe dra̤w

Mabel was making a visit in the country.

She had no children to play with.

She wished her brothers and sisters were there.

Rover liked to play with her; but he was only a dog.

"Oh, Rover!" said Mabel one day, "I wish you could talk."

Rover looked as if he wished so, too.

"Do you wish to go out to play with me, Rover?"

Rover jumped up and wagged his tail.

"You do, do you? Well, then, you may."

Mabel took her sled, and she and Rover ran to the hill.

There was a crust of ice upon the snow.

The sled flew like a bird down the hill.

Rover often ran down the hill after the sled.

Then he walked back to the top with Mabel.

Mabel sat down to rest on a big stone.

Rover lay down beside her.

"I wish my brother Fred were here," said Mabel.

"He would draw my sled up the hill for me.

Can you draw my sled for me, Rover?"

"Bow-wow," said Rover, and wagged his tail again.

Mabel put the rope into his mouth.

"Now, Rover, take the sled up the hill for me."

Rover ran ahead with the sled.

"This is fun!" said Mabel, "I shall let him draw it every time."

Rover reached the top of the hill first.

As soon as Mabel came there he turned around.

He ran down hill again, drawing the sled after him.

"Stop, Rover, stop!" cried Mabel, running after him.

Rover thought she was playing with him, and only ran the faster.

When he reached the foot of the hill he let the rope drop.

Then he ran up to Mabel, and wagged his tail.

He thought he had been a very good dog.

"O, Rover! you do not understand me," said Mabel.

"You do not know what fun it is to slide down hill.

I must draw my own sled after this."

Sometimes little boys and girls play out in the snow and take cold.

Then they sneeze like this: "Ch! ch!"

Here are some words that say "ch":

chĭck	chīld	chĭp	ch*i*ēf
chĭll	chōōs*e*	châ*i*r	chā*i*n
chōk*e*	chĭn	chŏp	chēē*k*

HIAWATHA.

Ĭn′ dĭ *a*nṣ	fŏr′ ĕst	çē′ dar (dẽr)
Hĭ′à wä thà	rā*i*n′ bō*w*	bĭrch
swĭft′ lў	rein′ (rān) dēer	cà nọ*e*′

Mr. Longfellow wrote a poem about the Indians.

He wrote about an Indian boy named Hiawatha.

This boy lived in the forest.

He knew everything in the forest.

He could tell you where the birds made their nests.

He learned where they stayed in the winter.

He called them "Hiawatha's chickens."

He watched the fire-fly at night.

He said, "Light me with your little candle."

He looked at the rainbow, and thought it was a garden of flowers in the sky.

He knew why the reindeer ran so swiftly.

The squirrels showed him where they hid their nuts.

The rabbits would run to him.

He called them "Hiawatha's brothers."

Hiawatha made a canoe for himself.

The yellow birch tree gave him its bark.

The cedar gave him branches to make it strong and firm.

It looked like a yellow water-lily as it floated in the river.

Read selections from "Hiawatha."

NELLY'S LITTLE FRIEND.

ŭn dẽr nēa*th*′	härm	pŏc*k*′ ĕt
ground	scăt′ tẽre*d*	à frā*i*d′
hŏl′ lo̊*w*	sāve*d*	crăck

A pretty little squirrel once lived in a garden.

He made his home in a hollow tree.

The tree was not far from the porch of a farmhouse.

A little girl lived in the farmhouse.

Her name was Nelly.

She would sit upon the porch and watch the squirrel play among the branches.

Every day she put corn or nuts about his hole.

The little squirrel used to put his head out of the hole, and look at her.

"Come, dear little squirrel," she often said, "no one shall harm you."

He would come out to get the nuts or corn.

He filled his cheeks with them and carried them into his hole.

The squirrel uses his cheeks for pockets.

Sometimes he cracked the nuts in the garden.

One day Nelly put some nuts upon the steps and about the porch.

She then took her book and sat down to read.

By and by her little friend peeped from his hole.

He began to take the nuts.

He went up on the porch for some.

Nelly was much pleased to see him.

She sat very still and looked at his bushy tail and bright eyes.

"Dear little squirrel," she said, "come here to me," and she held out a nut.

But the squirrel ran back to his hole in the tree.

"I am sorry you are afraid of me," said the little girl; "I would not harm you."

Soon the squirrel became quite tame, and often ran up on the porch, looking for nuts.

There was a large yellow cat who lived at the farmhouse.

He saw the squirrel, and one day caught him in his mouth.

Nelly ran after the cat and took the squirrel away from him.

He was frightened, but not hurt.

"Let me hold you now," said Nelly; "I took you away from kitty."

But the squirrel ran away from her.

He went to his hole and would not come out for a long time.

"I thought he would love me after I saved his life," said Nelly.

"I think he does not know that I did so."

She told her little friend, Ruth, about her squirrel.

One day when she and Ruth were in the field they saw him.

They walked slowly to the tree where he was.

He seemed glad to see the little girls.

They went to the house for some nuts.

They scattered the nuts all the way to the farmhouse.

The squirrel found his way to the hollow tree.

The letter *q* always takes *u* with him in making a word:

quēen	quāke	quēer
quĕll	quăck	quīte
quĭck	quī′ĕt	quĭll

A LITTLE FISHER MAIDEN.

rāçe hŏŏks trout ȧ lŏng′ rēach′ ĕṣ

spĕc′ kled beaū′ tў crụ′ ĕl bė̇ twēen′

A beautiful little brook ran between soft green hills.

There were shady woods on both sides of it.

The speckled trout liked to live in the little brook.

No men with cruel hooks tried to catch them.

The birds and the rabbits did not trouble them.

One day a little boy and girl came into the woods.

They looked down into the pretty brook.

"Let us take off our shoes and stockings and wade in it," said they.

How clear and cool the water was.

"I saw a fish, George," said the little girl.

"Oh, I see him, too," said George. "I will catch him.

You run along the bank and then step into the brook.

I will chase him up the brook, and you must catch him when he reaches you."

Lily did as George told her, and the race began.

Up the brook came the trout with George behind him.

Lily was standing in the brook waiting for him.

"Catch him now, Lily," said George.

"Shall I catch him in my hands?" said Lily.

"Yes, any way; but don't let him go, for he is a beauty."

Down sat Lily in the brook, and the trout swam into her apron.

"I have him! I have him!" she cried. "He is here in my apron."

"Well, that is one way to catch a fish," said George. "You are as wet as you can be."

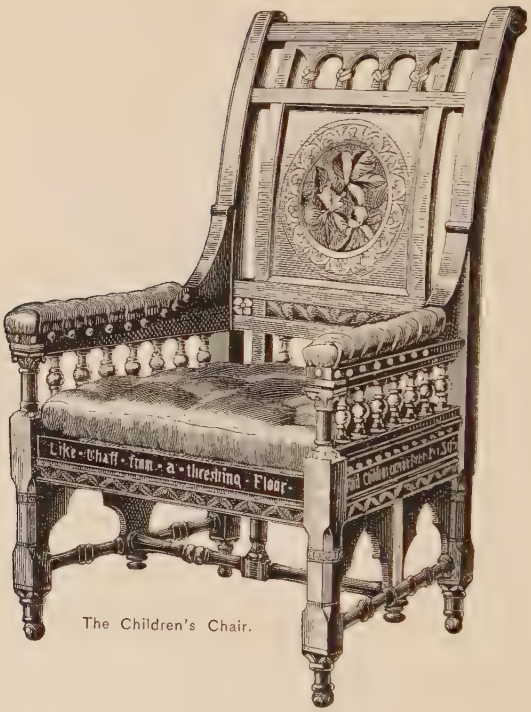
"Never mind," said Lily, "it is so warm that I shall not take cold.

I should like to know how you were going to catch him.

It isn't easy to hold a fish."

They carried the fish home to mamma.

She laughed when they told her about it. They kept the fish a little while, then took him back to the brook.



The Children's Chair.

LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHDAY.

rē̇ mĕm′ bẽr	rē̇ pē*at*′	dīed
mȯn′ *e*y̆	tē*a*ch′ ẽrs̱	sā*v*ed
cär′ rĭed	März	châ*i*r

The children in Cambridge loved Mr. Longfellow.

What do you think they did for his birthday?

They carried some money to their teachers.

This money was given to friends of Mr. Longfellow.

These friends were to buy him a birthday present.

The great chestnut tree near the blacksmith's shop had fallen down.

The wood had been saved, for people loved the tree.

It made them think of Mr. Longfellow's poem.

Mr. Longfellow's friends had a beautiful chair made from this wood.

It was put into his study upon his birthday.

After his breakfast, he came into the room. There was this beautiful chair.

How happy it made Mr. Longfellow!

It made his heart glad because it came from the children, and he wrote a poem to thank them.

After that, many children remembered his birthday.

They would talk about his beautiful life.

They learned to repeat his poems.

Sometimes they sent letters to him.

It always pleased him to have them remember him.

He died in March, 1882.

How sad the people were to have him go. His life had made them better and happier.

THE MESSAGE OF THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS.

clŭng	mĕs′ sȧġe	ȧ līve′
*wrēa*ths	tŭcked	Sĕp tĕm′ bẽr
Nôrth	dė̇ lĭ*ght*′ ĕd	flō*at*′ ĕd

Florence had never seen snow.
She had always lived in the sunny South.

At her home the flowers were always in blossom.

Her papa brought her to live in the North.

She came North in the month of September.

She was delighted with the fall flowers.

The asters made the fields so bright and pretty.

The leaves had begun to turn red and yellow.

Florence thought that they were beautiful.

"I love the North," she said, "for the leaves are so bright."

By-and-by the winds began to blow.

The leaves floated down to the ground.

Florence looked up at the bare branches.

"You poor lonely things!" she said. "I wish you had your leaves again."

One day there came a snow-storm.

The air was full of feathery flakes.

They clung to the bare branches.

They covered them with wreaths of white.

"The snow is very beautiful!" said Florence, "but I am afraid it is too cold for the trees.

How can the leaves ever come back again?"

"There are little buds on the branches now," said her papa.

"You shall see for yourself that they are still alive."

He took Florence out to the cherry tree and broke off some branches.

He put them into water and placed them in the sunlight.

The little brown buds began to grow large.

The tiny leaves and blossoms came out.

"You see that they are there," said papa, "and the spring will bring them out again.

The winter is the time for the tree to rest."

"In the frozen buds of every winter
Sleep the blossoms of a future flower."

SNOWFLAKES.

Whene'er a snowflake leaves the sky
It turns and turns, to say "Good-bye."
"Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray,"
Then turns and hastens on its way.

And when a snowflake finds a tree,
"Good day!" it says; "Good day to thee.
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
I'll rest and call my playmates here."

But when a snowflake, brave and meek,
Lights on a little maiden's cheek,
It starts—"How warm and mild the day!
'Tis summer!" and it melts away.

— *Selected.*

AN EVENING VISITOR.

ăt trăct′	clēa*r*′ lў	flō*w*n	clōs̲ed
sprĕa*d*	hīnd	frȯnt	scrēen
wīr*e*	hȯȯke*d*	cla̤*w*s	Mĭl′ drĕd

One evening, as Mildred was sitting in her papa's lap, something flew into the room.

It looked like a large black bird.

Before Mildred could see it clearly, it had flown out of the window.

"What kind of a bird was that?" she asked.

"That was no bird," said papa; "it was a bat."

"A bat!" cried Mildred, "how I wish I might see one!

What was it doing in here, papa?"

"It was chasing some insect," said her papa.

"If it comes in again, I will try to catch it for you.

We will put a bright light near the window.

The light will attract the insects, and the bat will follow them."

Very soon it flew into the room, and Mildred's papa closed the window and caught it.

He put a wire screen over the bat so that Mildred might watch him.

"Why, papa, he looks like a mouse," said she.

"How does he fly about?"

"Look at the thin skin, like a wing, on each of his sides.

It is spread from the front to the hind legs."

"Just look at his teeth, papa. I think he would like to bite me. Where does he live?"

"He may live in a barn or on some tree. I once found a bat hanging from a window-blind.

Do you see those hooked claws?

He hangs by those claws, with his head down."

"I wish I could find one in the day-time," said Mildred.

"Keep your eyes open, and you may. There are very many things for little girls who have bright eyes."

Mildred watched the bat for a long time, and then her papa let him go.

W tried to blow out the candle, and said, "o͞o, o͞o," but he could not do it.

H said, "I will blow it"; but the light would not go out.

"Let us try to blow it together," they said, and out went the candle.

wh y̆	wh ĕn	wh īte	where
wh ạt	wh ō*a*	wh ĭch	(whâr)

HELPING HANDS.

hŭr′ rў ĭng	căr′ rў ĭng	ĕx prĕss′
Hăr′ old	mĭn′ utes (ĭts)	toŭched
cō*a*st′ ĭng	wọm′ *a*n	nēi′ thēr

Harold was hurrying home from school one day.

His playmates were going to coast on Pine Hill.

He soon had his sled, and was on his way to the hill, when he saw an old woman.

She was carrying a big basket of clothes.

There was so much snow and ice that she could hardly walk.

Harold ran past her with his sled.

In a few minutes he turned back again.

He went to the old woman, who was resting upon a door step.

He lifted his cap and said, "Good afternoon."

"I suppose it is a good afternoon for boys who like to slide," she said; "but I know I shall slip on the ice."

"If you will put your basket upon my sled," said Harold, "I will take it home for you."

"What!" said the old woman, "are you making fun of me?"

"No," said Harold, "I never make fun of old people. I can take it home for you as well as not."

Then the old woman put the basket on the sled.

Harold had to go very slowly, for the old woman couldn't walk fast.

One of the boys saw him, and said, "Hulloa, Harold! I thought you were coming to coast?"

Harold laughed, and said, "So I am, but I am running an express now."

"Oh, that is it," said the boy. "Well, I am going to the hill."

"I shall be there soon," said Harold.

When he came to the place where the old woman lived, he carried the basket into the house for her.

"Thank you," said she. "I think you are a kind boy."

"You are welcome," said Harold, and he touched his cap and ran off to the hill.

I think he had the best time of any boy there.

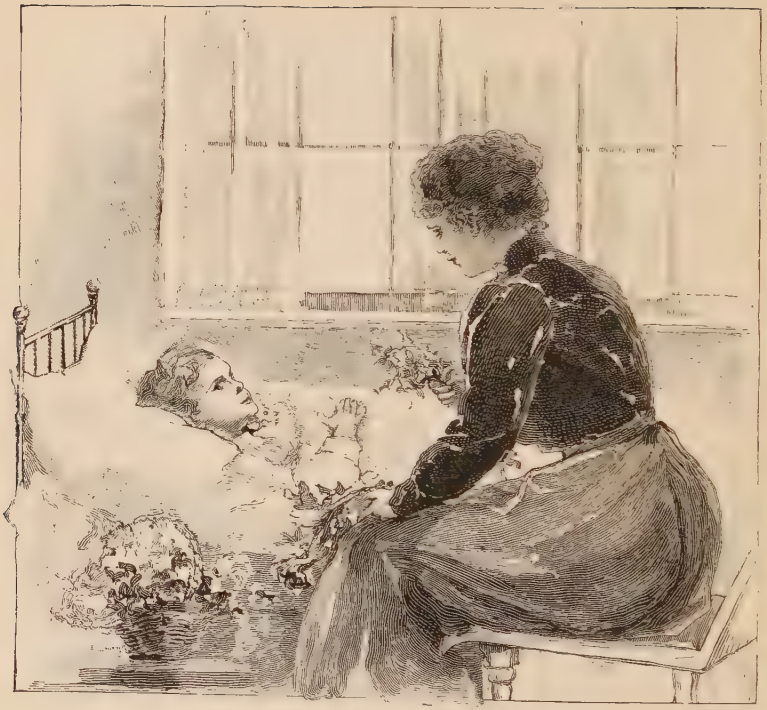
Do you know why I think so?

OW AND OU.

There are three letters who say "ow." They go together in pairs, "ow" and "ou."

I think *o* is to blame. *W* and *u* never sound so by themselves.

brown	town	mouse	sour	found
frown	growl	souse	hour	hound
drown	howl	rouse	round	wound
crown	scowl	douse	sound	pound
down	house	our	bound	proud



CARL AND THE CLOUDS.

cū′ mu̇ lŭs	flō*at*	pīled
ĕn′ tẽred	căs′ *tle*	ăp pē*ar*′
Lĕs′ lĭe	lī′ l*ac*	tīred

mĭs′ sion (mĭsh′ ŭn)

When the summer came there were no more pictures on the window-pane for little Carl.

He would watch the children at play until he was tired, and then he would lie down and look at the clouds.

One day he heard some one rap at the door.

"Come in," he said, and a lady entered with a basket of flowers in her hand.

"I am Miss Leslie, and I have some flowers for you," she said.

"Oh, thank you!" said Carl. "How beautiful they look! but don't you wish to give them to your friends?"

"The flower mission sent them to you," said the lady, "and you shall have more next week."

"How kind you are!" said Carl; "what is a flower mission?"

"The flower mission sends flowers to those who have none.

Sometimes little children go into the fields and bring us wild flowers.

A little boy in the yard below told me that you were lame, and had no flowers."

"Was it the boy who has curly hair?" said Carl. "He looks up at me every morning."

"I think so," said Miss Leslie. "Now tell me what you were doing when I came in."

"I was watching that cloud.
See how it is piled up, and how beautifully the light shines on it.
I hope it will not go away before the sun sets. I like to see the clouds turn pink and violet."

"Do you often watch the clouds, Carl?"

"Yes, I do. I lie here and see them float by, when I am too tired to do anything else.
This one doesn't come very often. I think if it stays until sunset it will look like these flowers."

Miss Leslie smiled. "It does make me think of the lilacs. Would you like to know your clouds by name, Carl?"

"Yes, indeed. I didn't know clouds had names."

"This one is 'cumulus.' Sometimes it looks like a great castle, and again like mountains covered with snow."

"So it does," said Carl. "I have never seen a castle or mountains, but I think I know how they look. I shall try to remember 'cumulus' and watch for it."

"I may be able to give you the names of some other clouds next time," said Miss Leslie, "but I must go now. I shall try to come and see you next week."

"I hope you will," said Carl. "I shall be glad to see you."

The following poems may be read to the children in connection with the reading lessons:

LONGFELLOW:

Daybreak.
Snowflakes.
Christmas Bells.
The Windmill.
Flowers.
Maiden and Weathercock.
The Emperor's Birdnest.
The Old Clock on the Stair.
The Brook and the Wave.
Paul Revere's Ride.

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION.

A key to the symbols most of which are used in this Reader to indicate the pronunciation of the more difficult words.

I. VOWELS.

ā	as in	**fāte**	**â**	as in	**câre**	**i̇**	as in	**i̇dea**	**o͞o**	as in	**fo͞od**
ȧ	"	**senȧte**	**ē**	"	**mēte**	**ĭ**	"	**ĭt**	**o͝o**	"	**fo͝ot**
ă	"	**făt**	**ė**	"	**ėvent**	**ī**	"	**sīr**	**ū**	"	**ūse**
ä	"	**ärm**	**ĕ**	"	**mĕt**	**ō**	"	**ōld**	**u̇**	"	**u̇nite**
a̤	"	**a̤ll**	**ē̤**	"	**hē̤r**	**ȯ**	"	**ȯbey**	**ŭ**	"	**ŭp**
å	"	**åsk**	**ī**	"	**īce**	**ŏ**	"	**nŏt**	**û**	"	**fûr**

II. EQUIVALENTS.

a̤ = ŏ	as in	**what**	**o̤ = o͝o**	as in	**wo̤lf**	**ṳ = o͝o**	as in	**pṳll**
ê = â	"	**thêre**	**o̤ = ŭ**	"	**so̤n**	**ȳ = ī**	"	**flȳ**
ī̤ = ē̤	"	**gī̤rl**	**ô = a̤**	"	**hôrse**	**y̆ = ĭ**	"	**baby̆**
o̤ = o͞o	"	**mo̤ve**	**ṳ = o͞o**	"	**rṳle**			

III. CONSONANTS.

Only the most difficult consonants in this Reader are marked with diacritical signs. The following table may prove useful to the teacher for reference and for blackboard work.

ç = s	as in	**miçe**	**th** (unmarked)	as in	**thin**
c̤ or **c** (unmarked) **= k**	as in	**c̤all**	**ph = f**	"	**phantom**
c̤h = k	as in	**sehoo͞l**	**s̲ = z**	"	**i̲s**
ch (unmarked)	"	**child**	**z** (like s sonant)	"	**zone**
ġ like **j**	"	**cāġe**	**qu** (unmarked)	"	**quite**
g̅ (hard)	"	**g̅ĕt**	**x̲ = gz**	"	**exact**
n̲ = ng	"	**i̲nk**	**x** (unmarked) **= ks**	"	**vex**
th̲	"	**th̲ĕm**			

Certain vowels, as *a* and *e*, when obscured and turned toward the neutral form, are italicized. Silent letters are also italicized.

WORD LIST.

The following is an alphabetical list of words used in this Reader. Words that have been used in Book One are omitted.

This word list can be made the basis of a great variety of exercises in correct pronunciation, distinct enunciation, rapid spelling, language lessons, and review work.

à bout′	ăn′ grў	ăt′ tĭc
à bo*v*e′	ăn o*th*′ ẽr	ăt trăct′
à frā*i*d′	ăn′ vĭl	ä*u*nt
åft′ ẽr wards (wẽrdṣ)	any where (ĕn′ ў whâr)	băd
à gain′ (gĕn)	ăp pē*a*r′	bạl*l*ṣ
à hĕ*a*d′	ā′ pron (pŭrn)	băn′ nẽrṣ
â*i*r	årmṣ	bärn′ yärd
à līv*e*′	à round′	bāth′ ĭng
ạl′ mōst	ăṣ	bē*a*ch
à lōn*e*′	à shāme*d*′	bē*a*ks
à lŏng′	åske*d*	be*a*r
ạl′ wā*y*ṣ	à slēe*p*′	be*a*ū′ tĭ fụl
ăn	āt*e*	be*a*ū′ tў

bė̇ găn′
bė̇ gĭn′
bė̇ gĭn′ nĭng
bė̇ lō*w*′
bė̇ sīd*e*′
bĕst
bĕt′ tẽr
bė̇ twēen′
bė̇ yŏnd′
bîrch
bîrd′ ĭe̱s̱
bĭt
bīt*e*
blăck′ smĭth
blăn̲′ kĕt
blū*e*
bŏb′ ō̇ lĭn̲k
boil*e*d
bôrn
bōth
boy*s̱*
brȧnch′ ĕ*s̱*
brĕ*a*d
brĕ*a*st
brē*a*th*e*
brēez′ ĕ*s̱*
brĭng
bro*a*d
brȯth′ ẽr
brought
(brạt)
brown
(broun)
bŭd*s̱*
bŭg*s̱*
bu*i*ld
bŭlb
bŭn′ nў
bûrn
bŭt′ tẽr
bŭt′ tẽr flў
bŭt′ t*o*n
bu*y̆*
by̆

cä*l*f
cạl*l*
cā′ lўx
cām*e*
căn′ dl*e*
căn′ dў
cȧ nọ*e*′
cär
câr*e*
câr*e*′ ful lў
căr′ rĭ*e*d
căr′ rĭe*s̱*
căr′ rў
cȧst
căs′ *t*l*e*
căt′ bîrd
caught (cạt)
ç̇ē′ dar (dẽr)
çĕn′ tẽr*s̱*
çĕnts
chā*i*n*s̱*
châ*i*r
chām′ bẽr
chānġ*e*
chĕs*t*′ nŭt
chĭc̣k′ ĕn
chĭl′ drĕn
çĭt′ y̆
cla̤*w*s̱
clēa*r*′ lў

clŏck
clōse
clōs̱ed
cloud
clō′ vẽr
clŭck
clŭng
cōast′ ĭng
cōat
cŏl′ lĕġe
ċol′ or (ẽr)
cōōk
cōōl
côrd
cŏ rŏl′ la
cō′ s̱eў
coŭn′ trĭes̱
coŭn′ trў
ċov′ ẽr
ċov′ ẽr ĭng
crăck
crēam
crēep
crown (croun)
crụ′ ĕl
crŭst
cu′ mŭ lŭs
cûrled

dȧnçed
därk
dāy
dĕad
dēed
dēep
dė̃ līght′ ĕd
dĕsk
dew (dū)
dīe
dĭsh
ḋoes̱
dọ′ ĭng
dŏl′ lў
ḋone
doubt
drăn̲k
drạw
drēamed
drĕssed
drīve
drŏp
drōve
drowned (dround)
dŭck
dŭll
dў′ ĭng

ēach
ẽarth
ēats
ē′ den
ĕn′ ġĭne
ĕn′ tẽred
ĕv′ ẽr
ĕv′ ẽr ў
ĕv′ ẽr ў bŏd ў
ĕx prĕss′
eyes (īz)

fāçe
fâir′ ĭes̱
fâir′ ў
färm′ ẽr

fȧst
fȧs′ tens̱
făt
fä′ thẽr
fē*a*r
fē*e*l
fĕll
fĕlt
fẽrns̱
fīn*e*
fīr*e*
fīr*e*′ flȳ
fĭrst
fĭsh
flāk*e*s
flăt
flew (flū)
flīes̱
flō*a*t′ ĕd
flŏck
flō*w*
flow′ (flou) ẽr ĕt
flō*w*n
fŏl′ lō*w*
fŏnd
fo͞od
fŏr′ ĕst
fôrm
fôr′ tў
frĕsh
frĕsh′ nĕs*s*
fri*ĕ*nds̱
frŏg
frŏm
frȯnt
frŏst
fru̱*i*t
fu̱l*l*
fŭn′ nў
găn′ dẽr
gā*y*
gā*y*′ lў
ġĕn′ tl*e* m*a*n
gĕt
gĭl*l*s̱
gĭrls̱
gĭv′ *e*n
gō*e*s̱
gōld′ *e*n
go͞os′ *e*ў
gre*ā*t
grē*e*n
ground
g*u*ĕs*s*
hâ*i*r
hăm′ mẽr
hănds̱
hăp′ pĭ ẽr
hăp′ *p*ў
härm
hă*t*ch*e*d
hā*y*
hā*y*′ cärt
hĕ*a*d
hĕ*a*rd
he*ä*rt
hē*a*ts
hĕ*a*v′ *e*n
hĕ*a*v′ ў
hẽr sĕlf′
hīd*e*
hī*gh*
hĭl*l*′ sīd*e*

hĭm
hīnd
hōldṣ
hōleṣ
hŏl′ lo͝w
hōme
hōme′ lў
ho͝of
ho͝oked
ho͝oks
hŏp
hôrse′ cär
hŏt
how (hou)
hŭm′ mĭng-bĭrd
hŭng
hŭr′ rў ĭng

īçe crēam
ĭn dēed′
ĭn′ dĭ gō
ĭn′ sĕct
ī′ ron (ī ŭrn)
ĭts
ĭt sĕlf′

joined
joy
jŭmped
jŭst

kẽr′ nĕlṣ
kĭl*l*
kīnd
kīnd′ nĕs*s*
kĭs*s*
knew (nū)
*k*nīfe

lā′ dў
lăm*b*ṣ
lāme
lăn′ tẽrnṣ
lăp
lärge
last
laṷn
lāy
lēad′ ẽrṣ
lēaf
lẽarn

lĕgṣ
lĕs′ sonṣ
lĕt′ tẽr
lī*gh*t′ house
līked
lī′ l*a*c
lĭveṣ
lōne′ lў
lŏn̲′ gẽr
lo͝oked
lo͝ok′ ĭng
loṣe
lo͝ved
lō*w*′ ẽr
lŭnch
lŭngṣ

mākе
māk′ ĭng
măn
man′ (mĕn) ў
mā′ pl*e*
măt′ tẽr
mēan
mēats

mēet
mĕs′ sa̤ġe
mĭd′ dle
mīne
mĭn′ utes (ĭts)
mĭs′ sion
(mĭsh′ ŭn)
mois′ tu̇re
mȯn′ eў
mȯrn′ ĭng
mŏss
mȯth′ ẽr
moun′ taĭn̤s
mo̤ve
mŭch
mŭd
mŭd′ dў
mŭst

nāi̇l̤s
na̤ugh′ tў
nēed
nēi′ thĕr
nĕv′ ẽr
new (nū)
nĕxt
nôr
nôrth
nȯth′ ĭng
nō′ tion
(shŭn)
now (nou)
nŭt′ trēe

ōak
ō′ cean (shan)
ŏff
ōld
ōn′ lў
ō′ pen
ôr′ ange (ĕnj)
ôr′ phan (fan)
ō′ vĕr
ōwn

păd̤s
pär′ lor (lẽr)
pȧss
păt
pȧth
pēaçe
pĕn′ nў
pĕn̤s
pēo′ ple
pĕr hăps′
pĕt
pĕt′ al
pĭcked
pĭc′ tūre̤s
pīe̤s
pīled
pĭl′ lŏw
pīne
pĭnk
pĭs′ tĭl
plāçed
plāte
plāyed
plāy′ ĭng
plĕa̤s′ ant
plēa̤sed
plŭck
pŏck′ ĕt
pō′ ĕm̤s
pō′ ĕt

pŏp′ côrn
pŏp*pe*d
pret′ (prĭt) tĭ ĕst
pûr′ pl*e*
pŭsh*e*d

quī′ ĕt
quĭ*ll*

răb′ bĭt
rāç*e*
rā*i*n′ bō*w*
rā*i*n′ drŏps
rā*i*n*e*d
rā*i*ṣ′ ĕṣ
rāk*e*
răn
rā*y*
rē*a*ch*e*d
rē*a*ch′ ĕṣ
rĕd
rein′ (rān) dē*e*r
rē mĕm′ bĕr
rē pē*a*t′
rīç*e*′ bĭrd

rīç*e*′ f*i*ēld
rĭ*ll*
rīp*e*
rĭv′ ĕr
rō*a*d
rō*ll*ed
rō͞o͞ts
rōp*e*
round
rō*w*′ bō*a*t
ru̇l*e*
rŭsh

sā*i*l
săn*d*
săp
sāv*e*d
sā*y*
scăt′ tĕr*e*d
scrăt*ch*ed
scrēen
sē*a*
sē*a*′ shôr*e*
sē*a* ûr′ chĭn
sĕc′ ond

sē′ crĕt
sē*e*m
sē*e*n
sĕl*ls*
sĕn*d*
sĕn*t*
sē′ p*a*l
shĕl*ls*
shīn*e*
shĭv′ ĕr
sho͝o͝k
sho*u*l*d*
shō*w*ed
shō*w*ṣ
sīd*e*
sī*gh*t
sĭs′tĕr
sĭt
skĭm
skȳ
slĕpt
slīd*e*
sma̤l*l*
smīle̤s
snō*w*′-bĭrd̤s

snō*w*′ flāk*e*s
snōw′ ĭng
sȯm*e*′ thĭng
sȯm*e*′ tīme̱s
sŏng
sŏr′ rў
sō*u*l̇s̱
sound
spĕc′ kl*e*d
spī′ dĕr
spĭl*l*ed
spĭn′ nĭng
spĭṉs̱
sprĕ*a*d
sprĭng
stâi̇rs̱
stā′ mĕṉs̱
stănd
stär′ fĭsh
stärt′ ĕd
stā*y*
stĭck
stĭr
stȯ͝o͝d
stŏp
stôr*e*
stō′ rĭe̱s̱
strānġ*e*
strēe*t*
strīk*e*s
strŏng
stŭd′ ў
sŭm′ mĕr
sŭn
sŭn′ bē*a*m̱s̱
sŭn′ lī*gh*t
sŭn′ shīn*e*
sure′ (shu̇r) lў
sûr prīs̱*e*′
swēe*t*
swĭft′ lў
swĭm′ mĭng
swĭng
sў′r ŭp

tăd′ pōl*e*
tā*i*̇l
tāk′ *e*n
ta̤l̇k
tē*a*ch
tē*a*ch′ ẽr̤s̱
tē*a*s̱*e*
tēeth
tĕl*l*
tĕn
their (thâr)
thĕm
there (thâr)
thĭck
thĭṉg̱s̱
thĭs
thĭs′ tl*e* bŭd̤s̱
thōs̱*e*
thō*ugh*
thought (tha̤t)
thrĕ*a*d
threw (thru̇)
through (thru̇)
thrō*w*
tīme̱s̱
tīr*e*d
to̤ gĕth′ ẽr
tōld
to̤-mŏr′ rō*w*
to͝ok

toŭch
trēe′-tŏps
troŭ′ ble
trout
trŭnk
trȳ
tŭcked
tûrned
two

ŭg′ lȳ
ŭn′ cle
ŭn′ dĕr
ŭn dĕr nēath′
ŭn dĕr stănd′
ŭn fōld′ ĕd
ŭn tĭl′
ŭp′ pĕr
ūsed

vĕr′ y
vĭs′ ĭt
voiç′ ĕs

wăgged
wăg′ ȯn
wāked
wākes
walked
walk′ ĭng
wan′ dĕr
wants
warm
watch′ ĕs
wāved
wăy
wĕb
wĕb′ fēet
wĕl′ cȯme
wĕl′
wĕnt
wĕre
whēel
whĭs′ pĕred
wīde
wīld
wĭl′ lȯw

wĭnd
wĭn′ dȯw
wĭn′ tĕr
wīre
wĭshed
wĭsh′ ĕs
wom′ an
wȯn′ dĕr ful
words (wûrds)
wôre
work (wûrk)
world (wûrld)
worms (wûrms)
wôrn
would
wrăpped
wrēaths
wrīte
wrĭt′ ten
wrōte

yärd
youth

Proper Names.

Ălps
Är′ th*ur*

Bĕs′ s*ie*
Bō*w*′ d*oi*n

Cām′ brĭ*dge*
Chär′ l*ie*
Chrĭs*t*′ m*as*

Ē′ dĭth
Ĕl′ sȧ
Ĕl′ s*ie*

Făn′ n*ie*
Fĕb′ ru ȧ rў
Frĕd′ d*ie*

Ġeôrġe

Hăl
Häns
Hăr′ *old*
Hăr′ rў
Här′ v*ard*
Hăt′ t*ie*
Hĕl′ ĕn
Hĭ′ ȧ wä thȧ

Jāme*s*
Jĕs′ s*ie*
Jĭm′ mў
Jūne
Jū lў

Kȧ trine′ (trēn)

Lĕs′ l*ie*
Lŏng′ fĕl lō*w*

Mā*i*ne
März
Măr′ ĭ ŏn
Mā′ rў
Măs *s*ȧ chū′ sĕt*ts*
Mĭl′ drĕd
Mŏl′ lў

Pōrt′ l*and*

Sĕp tĕm′ bĕr

Wȧsh′ ĭng tŏn

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